

A Copy of a
LETTER

From a
Gentleman in London
TO HIS

Friend of Bath.



SIR,

BEFORE I set out for *Scotland*, you may remember, you importuned me to make Enquiry about several remarkable Transactions within a certain memorable Period of Time, particularly the Case of *John Fraser*; the printed Account of which is looked upon by many in *England* as wild and romantick. In Compliance with your repeated Desires, I made it my Business to find out the Truth, and (woe's me!) I discovered much more than ever I imagin'd to have been done. The printed Account of *John Fraser's* Case is not only literally true, but likewise there are several remarkable Circumstances in his History not yet known in *England*. I shall endeavour to give you a Specimen of my Discoveries, such as is consistent with the Bounds of a Letter, for to give the whole would serve to make up a Volume.

John Fraser, commonly called *Mac-Ivor*, an Officer in the Regiment commanded by the Honourable the Master of *Levat*, was, about the Beginning of the Battle upon *Drum-mossie-Muir*, shot through the Knee, and was carried off in the Heat of the Action to a Park-Wall, pointing towards the House of *Culloden*. Some short Time after the Battle, he and about eighteen other wounded Officers of the Highland Army (who had made their Escape towards a small Plantation of *Woods* in the Neighbourhood of the Place where *Fraser*

was lying) were carried to the Area of *Culloden House*, where they remained two Days in the utmost Torture, wallowing in their own Blood, and without any the smallest Assistance from Physician or Surgeon; but they met with very kind and compassionate Treatment from one of President *Forbes's* Doors, *Mr. Thomas Stewart*, who performed Acts of Beneficence to the Wounded, in and about the House of *Culloden*, at the Hazard of his own Life. Upon the third Day *Frazer* and his Companions were tied with Ropes, and thrown into Carts, and then carried to a Park Wall at some small Distance from *Culloden House*: There they were dragged out of the Carts, like Dogs, by the Soldiers, and ranged in Order close along the Park-Wall. Then the commanding Officer of the Party cried to the unhappy Gentlemen to prepare for Death, and those who had any Use of their Limbs fell down upon their Knees, and began to pray to God for Mercy upon their poor Souls; but alas! (*horresco referens!*) they were scarce allowed any Time for that Purpose, for in a Minute the Soldiers received the Word of Command, *to level their Pieces and to give fire!* which was instantly done; and as they were posted at the Distance only of two or three Yards from the Breasts of the Prisoners, they could not well fail to perform the Service compleatly. However, that this Butchery in cool Blood should be performed in the most leisurely Way, and to make sure Work on't, the commanding Officer gave Orders to the Soldiers to club their Muskets, and to dash out the Brains of such as were not quite dead; which accordingly was done to the best of their Observation: Most of them expired in an Instant, and needed not a Knock on the Head; but though *Mr. Frazer* had received a Shot, yet he was still in Life, which one of the Soldiers observing, he struck *Frazer* on the Face with the Butt of his Musket, broke the upper Part of his Nose and Cheek-bone, dashed out one of his Eyes, and left him for dead. All this Exactness of Procedure proved vain and ineffectual as to *Mr. Frazer*, who appears to have been pointed out by Heaven not to fall a Victim at this Time to infuriate Rage and Cruelty, but to live a Monument of such a deliberate Massacre, as would make the remotest Savages blush at the Infamy. The Slaughter thus finished the Soldiery went off, and left the dead Bodies above Ground. Lord *Boyd* happening to ride out that Way, and seeing so many dead Bodies, turned his Eyes towards them with some Attention: One of them he spied at a small Distance from the rest, and observing him to be in Life, called out to him, and desired to know what he was. The poor mangled Man answered,

that

that his Name was *John Fraser*, and that he had been an Officer in the Master of *Lovat's* Regiment. Lord *Boyd* said he was well acquainted with his Colonel, and made an Offer of Money to him. Mr. *Fraser* thanked him, and told him he had no Use for Money, but begged him, for God's Sake, to cause his Servant either to put an End to his miserable Life, or carry him to a Cottage at a small Distance, which he nam'd. The first Part of the Request was not a little shocking to this young Lord; but he ordered his Servant to carry Mr. *Fraser* to the Place he had named, where he lay concealed in the Bottom of a Kiln, for about three Months; in which Time (under God) with the Assistance of his compassionate Landlord, he became so well recovered of his several Wounds and Bruises, as to be able to step about upon Crutches, and is still a living Object and Witness of this interesting, dismal Narrative I now transmit to you.

To render his Case still worse and worse, upon returning to his own House, poor Mr. *Fraser* found his Wife and Children stript of all they had in the World by the Soldiery, and making ready to beg their Bread from Door to Door!—What Heart is there so steel'd in Wickedness, as not to drop a Tear?—But behold, admire and adore the wonderful Hand of Providence, that brings about unexpected Reliefs in the greatest Extremities of Distress. While Mr. *Fraser* is sorrowfully viewing the Desolation of his empty House, and weeping over the Miseries of his hungry and starving Family, he receives a Letter, advising him that his Wife's Brother (a Surgeon by Profession) had died in *France*, and by his Will, in the Hands of Trustees in *London*, had bequeathed to his Sister, Mrs. *Fraser*, upwards of four hundred Pounds *Sterling*, which Sum Mr. *Fraser* accordingly received Payment of some Time in the Month of *May*, 1748, from the Hands of an Attorney in *Edinburgh*: A most providential and seasonable Supply indeed! and which serves to make out a moderate Subsistence for him in his present miserable State of Body, deprived of the Use of his Limbs, one of his Eyes, and being lame too in one of his Arms.

Upon *Thursday*, the Day after the Battle, a Party was ordered to the Field of Battle to put to Death all the Wounded they should find upon it, which accordingly they performed with the greatest Dispatch and the utmost Exactness, carrying the Wounded from the several Parts of the Field to two or three Spots of rising Ground, where they ranged them in due Order, and instantly shot them dead.

Upon the Day following (*Friday*) Parties were ordered to go and search for the Wounded in Houses in the Neighbourhood of the Field, to carry them to the Field, and there to kill them, which they did, as in the Case of *John Fraser* and his Fellow-Prisoners. To the Honour of some particular Officers (whom I could name) be it remarked, that by their Clemency some few of the Wounded were saved.

John Mac-Leod, of *Mac-Leod*, junior, Esq; has had the Honesty and Courage to declare, oftener than once, that he himself saw seventy-two killed in cold Blood.

At a small Distance from the Field there was a Hut for sheltering Goats and Sheep in cold and stormy Weather: To this Hut some of the wounded Men had crawled, but were soon found out by the Soldiery, who (immediately upon the Discovery) made sure the Door, and set fire to several Parts of the Hut, so that all within it perished in the Flames, to the Number of between thirty and forty Persons, among whom were some Beggars, who had been Spectators of the Battle, in Hopes of sharing in the Plunder! Many People went and viewed the smothered and scorched Bodies among the Rubbish of the Hut.—Sure, the poor Beggars could not be deemed Rebels in any Sense whatsoever.

In several Parts of the Highlands in *Scotland*, the Soldiery spared neither Man, Woman nor Child, particularly those under the Command of Major *Lockart*, *Caroline Scott*, &c. The hoary Head, the tender Mother and the weeping Infant behoved to share in the general Wreck, and to fall Victims to Rage and Cruelty by the Musket, the bloody Bayonet, the devouring Flame, or famishing Hunger and Cold! In a Word, the Troops sported with Cruelty; they marched through Scenes of Woe, and marked their Steps with Blood! Believe me, Sir, this is far from exaggerating. It is in my Power to condescend upon particular Instances of these more than *Peruvian* Cruelties, which I am ready to do when called upon by proper Authority, to bring to Light, not the hidden Things of Darknesh, but monstrous Transactions, that were deliberately perpetrated in the Face of the Sun by Gentlemen and (shall I say it?) Christians!—In all I have said, I have omitted one Thing, which is, that even the yet unborn Babe (I tremble to narrate it!) felt the Effects of the Fury of our *Military Butchers*!

I am afraid I have been too long upon the Gloom, and therefore I shall shift the Scene a little, and touch upon something that is farcical, if I dare take upon me to call any Thing farcical that rubs upon Dignities: But if Dignities will
affront

affront and insult *Dignities*, let them answer for it, at whose Door the Blame lies.

When *John Frazer*, Esq; the then Mayor (in *Scotch*, Provost) of *Inverness*, and the Aldermen (attended by Mr. *Hoffack*, the late Mayor) went to pay their Levee to the D—, the Generals H—y and H—k happened to be deliberating, and making out Orders, about slaying the Wounded upon the Field of Battle, &c. Mr. *Hoffack* (a Man of Humanity, and the Sir *Robert Walpole* of *Inverness*, under the Direction of President *Forbes*) could not witness such a Prodigy of intended Wickedness without saying something, and therefore making a low Bow to the Generals, he spoke thus,—
As his Majesty's Troops have been happily successful against the Rebels, I hope your Excellencies will be so good as to mingle Mercy with Judgment.—Upon this General H—y bawled out, —*Damn the Puppy! Does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away.*—Another cried, —*Kick him out! Kick him out!*—The Orders were instantly and literally obeyed; for good Mr. *Hoffack* received Kicks upon Kicks, and Sir R—s Ad—r had the Honour to give him the last Kick upon the Top of the Stairs to such Purpose, that Mr. *Hoffack* never touched a single Step till he was at the Bottom of the first Flat; from which he tumbled headlong down to the Foot of all the Stairs, and then was he discreetly taken up and carried to the Provost's Guard!—A notable Reward for Zeal! in which Mr. *Hoffack* was warm enough, but with Discretion and Good-nature, as I was informed. But this is not all; Mr. Mayor himself (*John Frazer*) behaved to have a Specimen of their good Sense and genteel Manners; for he was taken from Dinner at his own Table by an Officer and some Musqueteers, with a Volley of Oaths and Imprecations, to a Stable, and was ordered to clean it instantly upon his Peril! Mr. Mayor said he never cleaned his own Stable, and why should he clean that of any other Person? After some Debate upon the dirty Subject, Mr. *Frazer* was at last indulged the Privilege to get some Fellows to clean the Stable: However, he was obliged to stand a considerable Time almost to the Ancles in Dirt, and see the dirty Service performed!—O notable Treatment of a King's Lieutenant!

This Singularity of military Conduct towards Mess. *Hoffack* and *Frazer* is the more amazing, as none in *Britain* can be more firmly attached to the present Establishment, as settled in the illustrious House of *Hanover*, than they are; but whether or not this unaccountable Treatment has thrown a Dash of Lukewarmness into their Zeal, I shall not take upon me to determine :

determine: Had it been my Case, I am afraid my Zeal would have turned as chill as Ice itself.

The wanton Youngsters in and about *Inverness* distinguish these two Gentlemen by the Names of the *Kick-Provost*, and of the *Muck or Dirt-Provost*.

Several others, who were zealous Friends to the Government, were thrown into Jail at the same Time with Mr. *Hoffack*.—Liberty and Property with a Witness! mere empty Sounds without a Meaning.

In the North of *Scotland* I happened to fall in with a venerable old Gentleman, an honest Whig, who looking me seriously in the Face, asked if the D— was not a Jacobite.—“A Jacobite! (said I) How comes that in your Head?”—“Sure (replied the old Gentleman) the warmest Zealot in the Interest of the Pr— could not possibly devise more proper Methods for sowing the Seeds of Jacobitism and Disaffection, than the D— did. I wish I could draw a Veil over the shocking Cruelties, and many other illegal Doings committed by the Army under his Command. These I pass over, as now too well known for me to insist upon. But what do you think of the unaccountable Treatment of Mess. *Hoffack* and *Frazer*, and of some other honest Whigs who could have hazarded Life and all in Support of the present Government? Above all, what do you think of the Return the Lord President of the Court of Session, the sagacious *Duncan*, met with for all his remarkable Services? Remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost Scorn and Contempt he had in Return for them! When his Lordship was paying his Levee to the D— at *Inverness*, he thought fit (as it well became his Character and Station) to make mention of the Laws of the Country, &c.—To which the D— was pleased to say, ‘The Laws of the Country, my Lord! I’ll make a Brigade give Laws, by G—d.’—A plain Indication this of a hearty Desire to introduce a military Government. It was well (continued the old Gentleman) that President *Forbes* escaped a Kicking-Bout, as the D— uses his Friends with Freedom. For my own Part (added he) I would not wish to be the Person, that had received the sage Advice of the sagacious *Duncan* with Derision, because it would have been a lasting Imputation upon my Judgment and Discretion; for certain it is, that his Lordship was a Gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon Parts, and had an extensive Knowledge both of Men and Books. It was not beneath the Dignity of a crowned Head to listen to his Words. He was one of a very high Spirit, and the Usage he met with for all his Services, joined with the Miseries

of his Country, bore so hard upon him, that it is indeed a prevailing Opinion among us in *Scotland*; that he died of Heart-break."—Thus spoke the old honest *Scotch Whig*, and I must own, I found myself unable to make him any Return.

I am quite tired with writing, and by the Time you come this Length, I doubt not but you will be tired with reading; for I know you are not much in Conceit with long Letters: However, I find an Inclination to say still some few Words more.

Do you think, Sir, that the Wisdom of the Nation could be better employed, than in engaging their Attention to bring about a parliamentary Enquiry into the uncommon Doings, that happened to be transacted in *Scotland*, by our Gentlemen of the Sword, in 1746? Sure I am, there is much Need for such a Procedure. Suppose a Man to be a Rebel, a Murderer of Father and Mother, the most flagitious Wretch the Sun ever shone upon, yet I hope even this very Wretch should be put to Death only by the Laws of the Land, and not knocked on the Head instantly without Trial, without Proof, without Doom or Law. It is a Maxim of Wisdom, *Better ten guilty escape, than one innocent suffer*; but, perhaps (through the Degeneracy of the Times) this is now inverted into a political Maxim, *Better ten innocent suffer, than one guilty escape*. If this be our Case, then every *Free-Briton* (falsely so called) has Reason to lament his Condition in Sackcloth and Ashes. It is an excellent Proverb, *When our Neighbour's House is on Fire, it is high Time to be looking to ourselves*. Many of our Fellow-Subjects in *Scotland* have suffered Death itself in a most barbarous, illegal Manner, and God knows, how soon we in *England* may come to feel the same Effects of military, lawless Power. We have already had a very odd Piece of military Conduct in *Shrewsbury*, and how far the Frenzy may spread, where is he that can tell, unless a timely Stop be put to this prevailing military Madness? Woe's me! that our Protectors should so far forget themselves as to become our Cut-Throats.—To make such a parliamentary Enquiry the more disinterested, and free of all Suspicion of any Biases whatsoever, on the Part of the Sufferers, be it humbly proposed, that not a single *Highlander* (those *Highlanders* only excepted, who served under the D—) should be admitted as an Evidence; but let the whole Affair be examined into by the Affidavits of the Presbyterian Parsons in and about *Inverness*, of the Mayor and Aldermen of *Inverness* for the Year 1746, of the other Inhabitants in *Inverness*, whose firm Attachment to the present Establishment can admit of no Dispute;

pages of the Gentleman and Soldier that appeared on *Brady's*
Mass. Min., under the Command of the D—, and of the
 Servants of the late Lord President *Forbes* of *Colledge*.

I am, Sir,

London, Sept. 17th
 1750.

Your humble Servant, &c.

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